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I Want Out Of My Greaser Life



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Chapter 1 by Melissa Vallejo

It was a cold winter day in the city of Seattle. I was walking home from my first week of school and was terribly exhausted from all the school work I had today. I had barely came back from vacation, so why wouldn't I be tired? While I was walking through the allies with my new shoes, backpack, and leather jacket I felt like someone was watching me. At first I didn't mind it but then from behind me I heard someone drop something. As I turned around It was these two girls from school probably the most popular ones at school actually. Both of them had long black hair in a ponytail, dark brown eyes and were wearing blue skinny jeans with a red T-shirt and some white high top converse. It was kind of weird that they were wearing the same thing but one of them was wearing more makeup than the other.

Chapter 2 by Melissa Vallejo



Entering a new world

After I looked at them I turned back around and took two steps forward until one of them said "Well, well, well who do we have here?" I turned around making a face, confused because I didn't know whether they were talking to me or not. The other girl just looked at me with an ornery look. She muttered something to the girl that told me something. "That's the girl who acts like a

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maybe because she was sick or something. "I don't have time to be telling you off right now so bye." I said. I walked forward again until I felt someone yank my hand. I realized that I was being put to the ground. Sarah held me down while the other girl pulled out an Italian Stiletto Switchblade. I was frightened and out of breath from struggling to get loose from Sarah. I thought to myself I'm no greaser and never tried to be one. Why do they think that of me? As I was asking all these questions I realized that these two girls were Socs.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



I didn't have time to consider this fact further as in the next moment, Sarah's face was pressed into mine and the switchblade was inches from my neck. The other girl was gloating from above as well, holding the knife while Sarah held me fast.

"Name three chemical states," Sarah growled.

"Uhhmm... gas, mineral, and liquid?" I stuttered.

"Wrong, Stephen Hawking," she said, and deftly flicked the top button off my blouse with the blade.

"Hey!" I yelped.

"How is carbon dioxide formed?"

"By me KICKING YOUR ASS?!" I shouted, struggling to break free.

"Wrong! Respiration, combustion, and decomposition."

"You'll be decomposing if I can get my hands on you!" I screamed, trying to break free from her grip on my wrists.

"Name a weak organic tribasic acid found in fruits?"

"FUCK YOU!!!" I shouted at the top of my lungs.

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Another button flew loose as the girl laughed in triumph.

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"Citric acid, you lesbian!" I yelled in pain.

Suddenly, a shadow fell across the alley. There, standing in his glistening letterman's jacket with books under arm and jeans tightly profiling what looked like his football jockstrap beneath, was Tony Brubaker, captain of the Dutch Fondling team and editor of the school newspaper.

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